THE JAYNE MANSFIELD PIN-UP BOOK

100 glamorous pictures of America's No. 1 blond bombshell – plus her revealing life story

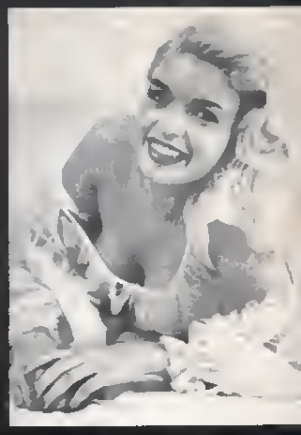
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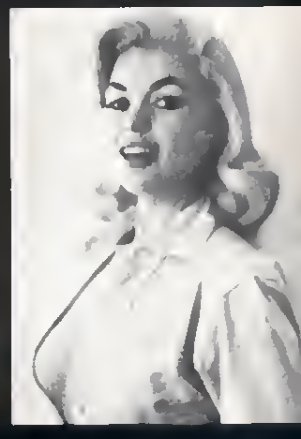








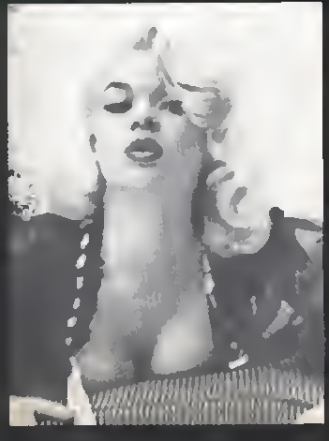


















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The JAYNE MANSFIELD Pin·up Book

TEXT BY JOHN MAYNARD

100 camera studies and the life story of America's most provocative blonde

Cover pictures of Jayne Mansfield are by Dan Wynn (photo at left) and Frank Powolny (photo at right). Miss Mansfield is currently starring in 20th Century-Fox's "The Girl Can't Help It"



"A movie star was what I had to be," recalls Jayne of childhood ambitions. "A movie star's all I want to be"

By JOHN MAYNARD

Early in the afternoon of December 13 last, this reporter tremulously, but relentlessly bore down upon the private diggings of Miss Jayne Mansfield, somewhere in the northern reaches of Beverly Hills. Miss Mansfield, in case you didn't know, is the pre-eminent candidate for Miss Sex Boat of 1957, a reputation that began no larger than a man's fist when she first appeared on Broadway last year in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* but has since burgeoned almost in proportion with the lady's vital measurements, which are staggering. We were to have had lunch, but for one thing: Miss Mansfield's chihuahua, Philip. Specifically, Philip's knee cap.

At precisely 12:40, only minutes after your reporter had introduced himself, Philip's kneecap popped out of joint causing him to tremble pathetically and make a good deal of shrill noise about it. Miss Mansfield became immediately and severely unhinged by Philip's difficulty. Lunch was about to he served hut lunch could, so to speak, go fry.

"Oh, dear," she said to your reporter. "Shouldn't we take him to the vet's? Now, I mean. Would you drive us? It's not terribly far. About ten minutes." It was ahout half an hour.

Philip yipped some more. There had been no choice to begin with. Jayne picked np Philip's tiny form, cradled it to her own formidable one, and she and her visitor descended 17 wooden steps that flank the west side of her three-level modern home in the northern reaches of Beverly Hills. The home is on a street off what is called Benedict Canyon. Its width could be negotiated by a competent practitioner of the standing hroad jump. It is no place in which to turn a car around. In a Buick convertihle yon hack and fill four times before you've got it made. For Jayne, it's easier; her "panty pink" Jaguar is highly maneuverable. Philip cried steadily while the maneuvering was going on. Things would get even more hectic later on.

"Nice house you have," said I, when finally we'd turned north onto

continued



Jayne made her debut on the morning of April 19, 1933 in Bryn Mawr, Pa., tipping the scales at a spry six pounds

Benedict. I said it both out of courtesy and with some idea of keeping Jayne's mind off Philip, who was subsiding hut still unhappy.

"You know about it?" said Jayne.

"Should I?"

"Oh, yes. Anyway I think so. I hought it when I first came out bere. I didn't have any money. I wasn't getting anywhere in pictures and I was modeling for Ziminski photographic studios and the like. But nothing. But I came into this $5000 inheritance from my father's estate. He was killed when I was three. In an auto accident outside of Easton, Pa. I was in the car and I can remember it. But now I got this inheritance. So I put $4000 on the bouse and moved in. No furniture. It was like the sleeping hag hit. I think you should always do that. Over-extend yourself, I mean. Even be in debt. That's what keeps you working. Get it made, and then what? You sit hack and feel smug. That's dangerous. You've got to fight it."

Jayne Mansfield's voice—a voice that is distinctly Mansfield—and invokes some douht as to who is kidding whom, although sober analysis indicates that America's current throb is being kidded by no one. "But now," she said, "I have my eye on this cottage in Bel Air. That's where I'll he moving. I think. Not that I don't love this house. I do. But you know how it is."

She became infinitely discouraged hy the condition of Pbilip, who at this juncture suddenly and alarmingly went limp in her arms.

"Oh!" cried Miss M. "He's limp! He's ahsolutely limp and his nose isn't wet. He'a never been like this before. Please hurry! Pul-lease!"

Benedict Canyon is not built for hurrying. It is huilt for insensate destruction. Moreover, the dingus on the Buick that controls the forward and hackward motion of the front seat was out of whack; at each hraking, Jayne

continued



Jayne Mansfield, nee Palmer, was married to Paul Mansfield, later divorced

On the difference between the sexes: "Men are men, women are women–that's the best idea ever'



During Jayne's portrayal of the classic "dumb blonde" in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Life magazine aptly described her as "Broadway's smartest dumb blonde"

continued



Luscious Jayne is planning to outsmolder every movie star of the past

was thrown at the windshield. She braced her long, celebrated, slacks-covered legs against the movement and clung to Pbilip, who looked up at her with a kind of miserable confidence and trust. "He's not any better," she said. And suddenly she began to cry.

"I'm sorry," she said after a few moments. "I'm embarrassing you. But I lost a dog just a little while ago. And I was alone so much as a child. I think when you're lonely, it gives you an extra affection for animals. We lived around quite a lot. In a place called Phillipsburg in New Jersey. That's where I was brought up first. Then when I was six, we moved to Texas. Dallas. My mother and stepfather and I. But I was an only child, and I guess you get ingrown. You know."

Philip perked up a little.

"Vet's far from here now?"

"Oh, sure," said Jayne. "Keep driving." Twenty minutes had passed. Jayne and the Jag might have made the whole trip in ten, but not in one piece.

The veterinarian staggered only slightly at the presence of his client (who did not go unnoticed on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley), gathered Philip in, diagnosed what was wrong quickly, and popped the knee back in place. He then guided Jayne's hand to the weak socket, showed her explicitly where and how to push it, the next time it happened, and said he'd keep Philip for the night, just in case. Philip looked as though he wanted very much to say thank you but didn't know quite bow to go about it, wagged goodbye, and tbe crisis was momentarily over.

"Lunch," said Jayne on the way back, "may be completely ruined."

"Never mind. Tell me, if you don't mind, about the sex bit?"

"The sex bit," she said thoughtfully. Miss M. discusses her body dispassionately. There are no incursions of bad taste; yet no evasions, no blushes. "The sex bit. It's bard to begin. I was well-developed when I was eleven, but maybe not conscious of it. But it has something to do with that. But you've got to remember one thing first, and keep it in mind all the time. I'm very ambitious and absolutely single-minded, and Jayne is Number One. And what I want and have always wanted is to be a movie star,

continued



Jayne didn't flinch when she bought an $18,000 silver mink coat on the easy payment plan, though earning but $350 per week



Over 50 magazine editors selected Jayne's likeness for use on their covers—obviously decided with a minimum of vacillation

and if I couldn't have done it one way, I would've in another. They don't usually talk like that, do they? The stars, I mean. Well, I do. Everything's for the record, too. Everything I say. So who was going to look out for Jayne but Jayne? Crazy, huh? But that's how it was. I'm the do-it-yourself girl.

"Well, I made this test at Paramount. Joan of Arc. Crazy? And the man who saw it said I was a good actress but my figure was taking his mind off the character. And if it would take *his* off it, it would take everybody's. Oh, I forgot, I had brown hair then, too. I wasn't going for sex then. Or comedy. Anyway, Joan of Arc ought to be battened down in the front. So they tried me in a bit from *The Seven-Year Itch*. The piano bit. That went off. And that started me thinking about the sex pitch. I had to sell what I *had*. Everybody does. So then came the hair, and so forth. I was a kitten with a figure. That's what I am. I'm a big, curvy kitten with a pink nose and a lot up here. And this voice . . . You should've made a left three blocks back."

Ventura Boulevard fell into the past.

"I'll tell you how I feel about sex," said Jayne after a while, said the Jayne who is the national symbol of same and used deliberately to disrupt

continued





A voiced disapproval of the cut of Miss Mansfield's gowns would be met by a raised eyebrow—and "Are you kidding?"



"I am extremely cooperative where publicity is concerned. I believe a girl should be written about thoroughly"

continued



If anyone is interested, this young lady maintained a "B" average in her college courses



Jayne was considered something of a prodigy on the violin, the viola and the piano as a child

crowds on Broadway simply by being present. "I feel this: men are men and women are women and that's the best idea ever. Am I wrong? My ideal man would be about six-five, weigh around 240, and have charcoal hair." By charcoal hair, for which Miss Mansfield has an enormous zest, Jayne means black flecked with grey or white. "And have long hair. I love long hair on a man. But it wouldn't matter if he didn't have hair on his chest. I used to think hair on a chest had a lot to do with virility. Now I know better. Look at Mickey."

"Mickey" is Miss Mansfield's most steady date, although she tends to shrug off anything serious. His last name is Hargitay, a Hungarian with a pronounced Hungarian accent ("I love foreign accents!") and is a professional body beautiful. A muscle-flexing portrait of him in Jayne's possession is inscribed, "Jayne, you're under my skin, I love you." He formerly appeared in the night club act starring Miss Mae West, and it was in a still picture of this act that Jayne first saw him. The picture was shown to her in the office of a producer friend. "The one on the far left," she said reflectively. "I'll take him. And a steak for my dog." Later, at New York's Latin Quarter, she caught this mass of sinew in person. He was wearing a leopard skin, as prescribed by the libretto. He has no hair

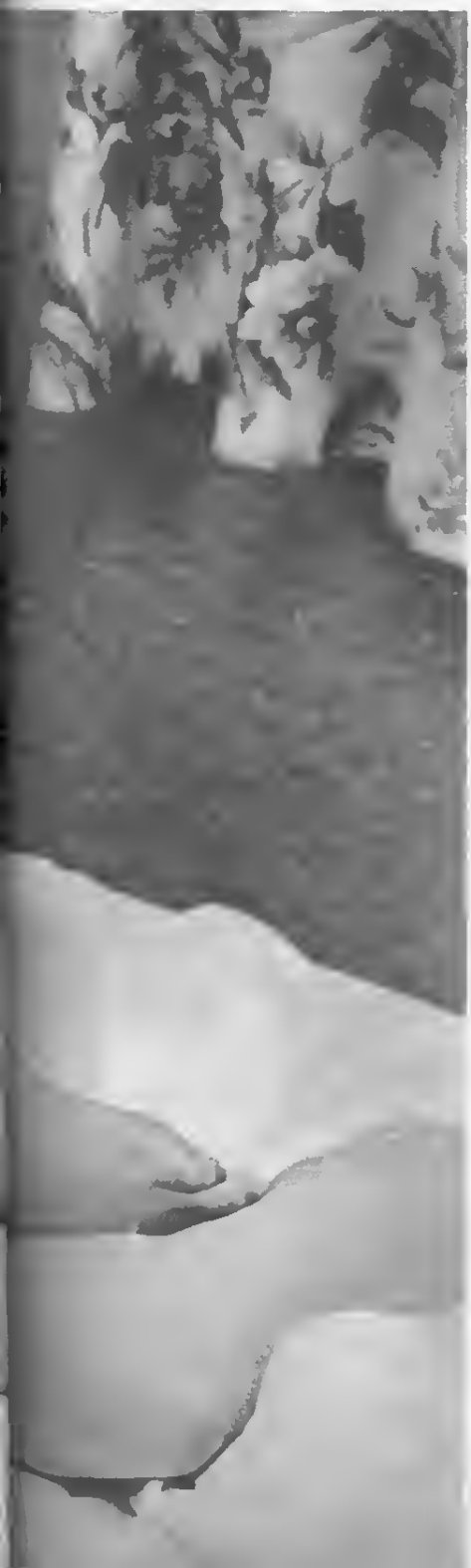
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"My year's stay in New York was an intellectual phase

Jayne's society period: "I wore black, black, black up to my ears. You go out with the right people, everything's black, even the cars"



I went through"





Jayne's Florida sojourn to exploit Jane Russell's film "Underwater" shattered the complacency of the South

continued

"Why sure I'm an actress," Jayne insists. "I'm good at anything I do." And what's more, she is too



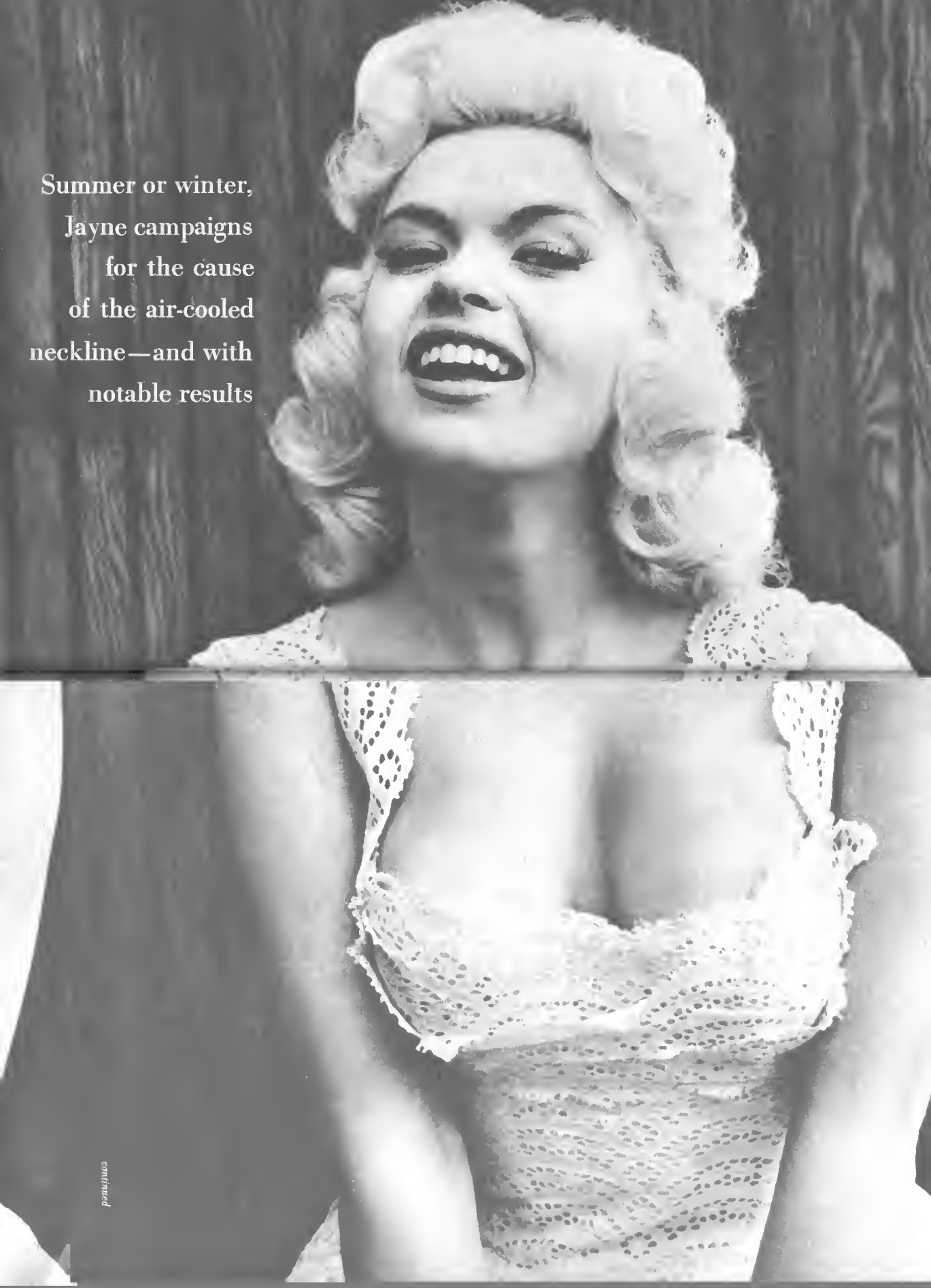
on his chest. He flexed his muscles like muscle men do.

"I reacted to him," Jayne has recalled, "the way a married man would react to a garage calendar of me."

They were introduced and presently Hargitay did what just about any man might—he asked for her phone number. And Jayne, who was trying hard during this New York period to keep that a secret, surprised herself by giving it to him. She must have been home all of half an hour that night before he followed up, a man with a mission. Again she surprised herself by inviting him over to Brooklyn with her the next day while she did a picture layout. "That's about all I did when I wasn't being in *Rock Hunter*, sleeping or eating. I did layouts. I cooperated, you might say. All kinds of layouts. Crazy? All that cheesecake you see on me today, that was mostly the New York period. I'd made up my mind, remember?

continued





Summer or winter, Jayne campaigns for the cause of the air-cooled neckline—and with notable results

continued



"Next to my wife," says Frank Tashlin, director of Jayne's latest film, "The Girl Can't Help It," "I love her best"

Crazy? I knew the way I was going. But, oh. how I wanted to get back in Hollywood and in pictures! That was the whole idea. One thing Hollywood did for me, though. Everybody knew I was homesick for it. It's the only place I want to live or ever will. So I'd begin groaning about my feelings. I guess you'd call it a wedge. Because pretty soon, I'd get a raise, everybody hating my agent and feeling sorry for me. At the end, I was getting $750. Up from $350. Crazy."

Mickey and Jayne are a devoted pair beyond doubt. Each is body-conscious, each is health-conscious, and each is calisthenic-conscious to the point where they devote part of each evening to back-bends and weight-lifting in Jayne's back yard. Hargitay, however, is not the only man in her life. There is Nick Ray, a director ("He's 45; usually I don't like men under 38"), and Robert Wagner, an actor who is under 38. Hargitay is in his mid-twenties and Paul Mansfield, Jayne's husband of seven years from whom she now has been granted a divorce, is 26.

Jayne's early association with Mickey in New York was not without difficulties. These were chaotic and hard to follow, but there was one male brawl from which Hargitay emerged the winner; and there appears to have been some difficulty with Miss West, in whose show Mickey was appearing.

Hargitay is no longer with Mae West. He was, in fact, on the plane with Jayne when she flew triumphantly back to Hollywood. Her arrival at Los Angeles' International Airport now has been sealed by filmed television for posterity, as possibly it deserved to be. Jayne was urged by photographers to bend down and pet one of her well populated menagerie, there on hand to greet her. To the bursting of picture tubes all over the city, she obliged, getting in for visual tolerance the most fearful lick of the decade. A few days later she began work on her present 20th Century release, *The Girl Can't Help It.* This is the one that co-stars Tom Ewell ("I don't know yet how they'll bill me," she said last fall), and it adduced considerable admiration for Miss Mansfield among her associates, most of whom were expecting a female approximation of

continued



Jayne's salary has leaped from $350 a week in "Rock Hunter" to a present $75,000 a year



While a student at the University of Texas, Jayne was voted "Miss Bluebonnet Belle," "Miss ROTC Unit" and "Miss Sweetheart of Phi Psi"

Color photographs by Ormond Gigli, p. 27; Barry Kramer, pps. 28-29; Dan Wynn, p. 30

continued











No mere pin-up girl, Jayne's considerable talent for comedy can be viewed in 20th Century-Fox's "The Girl Can't Help It"

continued





While discussing the torso measurements of strong-man Mike Hargitay, Jayne admitted, "We both have short arms," and added, "It makes dancing very difficult"



Elvis Presley, a one-shot wonder. "She's *really* great," director Frank Tashlin is reported to have said after watching the dailies. "Next to my wife, I love her best."

Jayne also was a close follower of those rushes during the picture's making, and once in the company of a friend examined thoughtfully a scene in which the entire screen was occupied by her own fabled torso.

"They'll never pass it," the friend said. "Never, never, never."

"No, but they would," said Jayne, "if I'd played it first bare from the waist up. Then they'd have had something to take out and been

continued

happy. And left this shot in. Crazy?"

Now the palsied Buick fought its way back up Benedict Canyon and Jayne paused to reflect. "You know something?" she said finally. "There's something I can't get used to. I go into a restaurant or night club maybe, and there's a stir, and I think, gee, there's a celebrity in the room, but where? And my eyes go all the way around and wind up with me. Me, *I'm* the celebrity.

"That really rides me. I'm not supposed to say things like that, am I? I have all the wrong attitudes. I *want* to be a movie star, a celebrity. Acting's all right for acting, but being a star's the big thing with me. I want to be a star for 40 more years, then get married and have six children. I don't care about puttering in my garden but I like to go to night clubs. I make my press agent real nervous. But I have fun staying home, too. I'm just daffy happy. I have everything, and I'm going to keep it. I'm a good actress. I know it. I have background, amateur and professional. And don't forget my figure."

This was modesty speaking. Her figure is unforgettable, as the pictures strewn hereabouts should attest. It is an improbable (40-18-35) but staggering.

Jayne's divorce is now final except for the year's wait, dating from the decree, that California law ordains. Her husband of seven-plus years, Paul Mansfield, at first contested the divorce, but later withdrew the argument.

And where was he now?

"Paul? He—he's sales promotion manager for a soft drink company. Back in New York." She sounded as though she wasn't at all sure of it.

Back home, the lunch proved far from ruined. On the contrary, it was fine (cook-prepared) and ample: roast beef, beefsteak tomatoes, rice, asparagus, any beverage within reason (for Miss M., lemonade. She drinks nothing toxic, along the reasoning of coals-to-Newcastle, but likes citrus beverage, spiking orange juice with a splash of lemon. Her dinner is invariable: steak and tomatoes. She eats like a vitamin-injected tiger.)

Lunch was on the terrace. The terrace fronts the house

continued





There was a time—before "Rock Hunter"—when the movies brushed Jayne off. Now, she gets the red carpet treatment

←*"I was always popular," recalls Jayne of high school days. "I dated, but I dated intellectually"*

Heaven's gift to her press agent, the highly volatile Jayne attracts publicity faster than honey does a bee





Jayne is a true aficionado of leisure, loves sun bathing on beaches

and the house faces north. Just behind, there is the living room, wider than it is deep, in the Southern California manner. Flanking the back of the living room on the right is an arresting mural. It consists of 50 or more of the gaudier magazine covers for which Jayne has posed.

There are many children on her lane, which contains roughly a dozen houses, and these walk in the street beneath the terrace and crane their neck upward. Sometimes they just climb the flanking outdoor stairs and come in, to stare with mute and protuberant eyes. But that's all right. She is as fond of children as she is of animals. It is the children over 12 that make her nervous. There are deterrents, however. A Great Dane named Lord Byron, for example, is one, and quite a hunk of one, at that.

No inventory of Jayne's menagerie is ever quite current, due to death, defection or addition, but a plausible one in mid-autumn, compiled by her studio, included Philip and Lord Byron; another chihuahua named Charlesse, a scottie (Maroonev), a black toy poodle (Mignonala), three cats (Ophenia, Romulus and Sabrina),

continued



The cost of the Mansfield wardrobe is reputedly in the vicinity of six figures. Despite this abundance of haute couture, *Jayne would prefer to lounge around in shirts and jeans*



a rabbit and a squirrel. A chick is mentioned also.

But this, too, is not quite current. For after lunch, a tiny Siamese kitten named Sable made its appearance and began crawling ruminatively up and down its mistress's famed facade, chewing hopefully on sweater buttons. The sweater definitely was not a publicity sweater but more of the sort a basketball player might put on after a hot workout: orange, shapeless, with a roll collar. Sable made a lot of noise about those buttons.

"He's a button-fancier," said Jayne. And he likes to unravel my sweaters, if you follow me. And that mustn't be. I must work. Every hour of the week if I have to."

"You don't like holidays?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mansfield, in one of the strange non sequiturs for which she has become famous in a local sort of way. "Especially on broccoli."

Her case for dogs and assorted dumb creatures has some of the elements of poignancy. "When you become famous, or almost," she once said, "a part of your confidence slips. It's funny but it's true. You're not sure of your friends any more. You're not even sure you have any. A lot of people around you, yes. But that doesn't have to be the same. All of a sudden, everybody wants

continued



Mansfield on her physical attributes: "Why shouldn't I use what I have?"



continued

"I'm one of those women who has to be extra—or I'm nothing at all"





"I was a 40, but now I'm a 41—honest. I didn't do anything special to get bigger, either. Maybe it's the climate here? Mike is a 52, but I think that's too big for a girl, don't you?"

something. An interview or an autograph or your name on this or your picture with him, or fifty dollars just because you happen to have fifty dollars and they know it. Some want ten per cent and some three per cent, and this one has a gimmick and that one an angle. But not your dog. All he wants is your love. He doesn't know who you are and couldn't care less. He wants to be fed, sure, but who doesn't? Outside of that he does all the giving. You've noticed, haven't you, how many stars have pets and love them; it seems more than most people. Well, this is my idea of why. Then what I said going over the hill, only it's part of the same thing. Loneliness."

Vera Jayne Palmer Mansfield was born in Bryn Mawr, Pa. on April 19, 1933,

continued

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continued

an infant of French and British extraction, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Palmer. The somewhat flossy tone of her birthplace was an obstetrical happenstance: Mrs. Palmer was moved to a hospital there for Caesarian section. In fact, Jayne's early childhood was spent in the Phillipsburg, N. J. already mentioned. It was outside Easton, not far from there, that her brilliant attorney father was killed. Later, Mrs. Palmer married Harry Peers, a sales engineer, and the family moved to Dallas. So early in life as this Jayne was enamored of the motion pictures made by Shirley Temple and was quietly determined to be just as hot a rock in Hollywood when she got around to it.

In Dallas—"it was our first house, on Alta Avenue"—she fell in love at the age of nine with a newspaperman—he delivered them—but nothing came of it except the young man once fell off his bicycle directly in front of the house. Jayne regularly sat on the front porch to await his arrival, and that time he came through in sensational fashion. At eleven, she received her first kiss, from an Irish youth who is a bit hazy in her memory now except for one thing. He promised to take her to an afternoon movie matinee for kiddies and then went off without her to the morning show. She reasoned dismally that this meant a stand-up and wept so bitterly that her stepfather finally had

continued



Under her first film contract, Jayne made brief appearances in such little-noted epics as "Illegal" and "Hell On Frisco Bay"



Jayne on vices: "I don't smoke, except filtered cigarettes—and then I never inhale. I don't drink, except champagne—and that's only grapes"



to explain to her that her weeping should be reserved for failures within herself rather than casual aggressions by others. It was a suggestion she has never forgotten, despite the fact that the boy turned up for the matinee after all. She fell briefly in love, also for the first time, at 13, with a boy, part-Ecuadorian, whose accent as a consequence was rather heavy. It left Jayne with an unquenchable taste for similar accents in males.

Jayne had yet to finish Highland Park High School in Dallas when she met Paul Mansfield, three years her senior and a big man in Dallas student circles. She was sixteen when she married him. The date was January 28, 1950, the place Fort Worth. Jaynie Marie was born on November 8 of that year.

The circumstance of a family deterred neither in their zest for education. Jayne attended consecutively Southern Methodist University in Dallas, the University of Texas at Austin, and, when she arrived in Hollywood, the University of California at Los Angeles. In all, she has assembled three years toward a Bachelor of Arts degree, but probably won't go through with it now.

"At first, I wanted to badly," she said not long ago. "But now it doesn't seem to matter. It has nothing to do with pictures."

In Texas, her schedule was back-breaking. She modeled while she boned up on German, sold books while studying them, slept four hours

continued





"During my school days I was very shy. I'm still shy, but I got this fantastic build-up—now I can't let anybody see how shy I am"



A Jayne quote: "The press likes me. I don't know why, but I *always* get along with the press"



Three songs singing Jayne's praises have been written about her: "It's Divoon," "Jayne" and the "Mansfield Mambo"



continued





a night at most for four years. She took it relatively easy only when the couple spent a period in Augusta, Ga., where Paul was undergoing an ROTC refresher. Here she shocked the other officers' wives by dancing in a leotard on the front lawn, and here she was named Miss Photoflash of 1952 for reasons that remain hazy. Then, as when a child, she was still something of a prodigy on the violin. ("You'll see. There's a television deal cooking with Jack Benny. We'll do a duet.") But still she saw her whole life in terms of nothing but films. In the fall of 1954, she arrived in Hollywood—without a thing going for her beyond an awesome determination.

The disadvantages of success: "You're not sure of your friends any more. Suddenly, everybody wants something"

She had no agent, no friend with influence, no knowledge. Her first act was to call Paramount and ask how the movie star situation was. Any vacancies? Paramount, whose equilibrium usually is good, was caught off balance this time. Its spokesman replied that they already had a movie star but she could come in for a test. She did so. It was the Joan of Arc business, followed by the spot from *Seven-Year Itch*. Her private rehabilitation as the "new" Jayne Mansfield had not yet occurred, and she was not signed.

In the few months that followed, she did the various fragmentary things a film aspirant does when a film aspirant isn't anything more than that; and then something happened to her that was going to change everything. It was the pivot of her whole life, personal and certainly professional. It hinged on a red one-piece bathing suit and how it looked on Jayne and how Jayne looked in it.

RKO-Radio Pictures had at that time made a movie called *Underwater* and had summoned the New York and Hollywood press planeward to Silver Springs, Fla. to view it. The film had been made largely in Silver Springs, and it co-starred Jane Russell and Richard Egan.

continued

Jayne's childhood idolatry of Shirley Temple prompted her to learn to sing "On The Good Ship Lollipop"





A modest cluster of starlets, including Lori Nelson, were on hand; Egan and eventually Miss Russell; and Jayne Mansfield. Her presence was not easy to explain, since she did not appear in the picture and was not employed by RKO, or by anybody else. But some sort of finagling, reputedly inspired by press agent Byron, who was handling her publicity on speculation even then, had taken place, and there she was.

Jayne donned the red one-piece bathing suit the morning after arrival and began posing before cameramen who occasionally fell into the water in sheer ecstasy. The torrent of art featuring her inundated newspapers and wire services from here to there and slopped over into Vancouver and Beirut. She overshadowed Egan—possibly because he didn't have a red bathing suit—and most people forgot Debbie Reynolds was there, which she assuredly was. Even Miss Russell, no mouse herself, who arrived late from New York and sullen because she had to be there at all, was lost in the shuffle.

"It's wonderful," Jayne has said, "what a red bathing suit can do for you, plus happening to be in the right place at the right time. It makes you wonder about art and hard work. It could even make you cynical."

There were two days of Silver Springs, and Jayne returned to Hollywood to find that a lot of people and studios who heretofore had neither known nor cared now knew and cared a great deal. Most agents wanted to be *her agent,* most studios wanted her, and she even acquired a lawyer, Greg-son Bautzer—who has charcoal hair.

Finally she signed with Warner's, where

continued

The Bard's quote, "And now the terrible awakening," is not apropos of Jayne's arisings



Jayne is not a chanteuse. Nor is the art of Terpsichore her forte. However . . .

Jayne wept when she left Hollywood to accept a role on Broadway, but she soon returned in triumph



When she was pushing nine, Jayne fell in love with the newsboy. Now her prescription for the ideal man reads: "6'5" tall, 240 pounds, charcoal hair (long) and a foreign accent"

continued ~





"Her instinct is unerring," said director F. Tashlin. "She never blew a line. She was perfect"

What saves Jayne's gowns from catastrophe? "I do," says Jayne. "There are no tricks. Just me"

she made a handful of strange pictures, such as *Illegal* and *Hell On Frisco Bay*. She also appeared in Jack Wehh's *Pete Kelley's Blues*. But she was getting only bit parts and she longed for something higger, more spectacular. So, after much maneuvering, her attorneys secured her release. It was not altogether a happy time for Jayne.

"It was the most terrihle moment of my life. I don't think I thought ahout suicide, hut there was no hope left. Everything had turned gray and empty."

It was this period that mustachioed creditors descended upon Jayne's house. This has been a precarious ahode in its time. When Jayne Mansfield was not Jayne Mansfield hut simply a girl named Jayne Mansfield, tight-lipped creditors more than once threatened the furniture or, more sweepingly, the home itself. Each time, Jayne held them off or dug up what was necessary. For this reason, she has a possessive fondness for it, as one might have for

continued





The redoubtable Miss M. considers herself a "big, curvy kitten with a pink nose"



More people go to analysts than ever before. Jayne goes to an astrologer. "My approach," she states, "is scientific"

an animal in whose failing health one has sunk a pot-full. But she seems—a little unhappily, perhaps—aware of having grown out of it. Her eyes grow restive and westward; in Los Angeles, westward means, generally speaking, npward and onward.

In this house, too, there have been nights of near terror. A film star's address is not an easily kept secret, and at forhidding hours of the night, Jayne has heard adolescent voices that she has never heard before. Means of entry are flimsy and the area far removed from regular police patrols. She locks herself and her cherished daughter in tightly, and has considered barricades. But this has not shaken her pride of fulfillment or the tenacity of her desire. "It's part of the package," she has said. But it is hy no means the best part.

Bnt hope came to the three-level house in the person of an airline pilot named Rohhie Robertson, her favorite escort of that period, who arrived bearing pink champagne and words of cheer. For once, she bolstered her morale with a little wine. "It was Rohhie who pulled me through."

Not much later, she was working in an independent production called *The Burglar* when she was offered a chance to read for a play written hy George Axelrod: *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Axelrod previously had written *The Seven-Year Itch.* The *Burglar* company was then shooting in Philadelphia, so there was no travel prohlem. The chance ostensihly was one of a life-time. So was Jayne overwhelmed with excitement and gratitude? In a pig's eye, Jayne was overwhelmed hy excitement and gratitude. She was miserable. She was crushed. She cried. Her pervading nightmare was the possibility she would get the part. Nothing hut the trained reflexes of the careerist permitted her to try out.

Why? Good question.

She regarded New York as Siberia. She regarded, and still regards, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver and Bogota as Siberia. They were far away and distant and not her home. She regards any place beyond the environs of Los Angeles County as Siberia, and claims she will do so for the rest of her life. But those reflexes were still there.

Daily for a while she rode the train from Philadelphia to New York, through the dreary New Jersey countryside. "I'd sit there and look out the window and then think of the mountains here, and it was the most de-

continued



Jayne gets a tremendous amount of pleasure from personal grooming, spends hours preparing for a date

pressing thing I've ever experienced. Then, I was sure I wouldn't get the part. But Greg Bautzer and others were urging me to take it. They said they'd get me out of it after it'd served its purpose. But they didn't. I got the part all right, and it's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me, that and Silver Springs. I even learned to like New York. But never again! No more. Here I am and here I stay."

If Silver Springs was the pivot of Jayne's career, *Rock Hunter* was the propellant. It was a springboard of really formidable dimensions. Overnight—literally overnight—she became the town's hottest property. Columnists became mildly hysterical. So did critics. Photographers were trampled in the rush. It was the damndest thing since

continued



Jayne, a confirmed animal lover, poses with Philip, her Chihuahua. Philip suffers from a trick knee, a non-football injury



Miss M. believes being in debt keeps one in harness and working



"Today," observes Jayne, "you've got to be intelligent—as well as know how to wiggle while you walk"



Sudden success hasn't given Jayne any delusions of grandeur. The candid Miss Mansfield retains her earlier opinion of herself. "I'm the greatest. Crazy, huh?"

Continued

"It's more important to have a good script in your hand than to be seen hand-holding in El Morocco"

the wheel. *Rock Hunter* had run a year before Jayne's handlers were able to pry her loose, and in that time she snipped more ribbons and opened more department stores than a dozen politicians manage in a life-time. Meanwhile, she lived in demure quarters in the Madison Square Hotel, complete with her menagerie and Jaynie Marie, and even entertained there, her guests presumably astride one another's shoulders. There the chihuahuas attacked the Great Dane while the cats looked on from the mantel, making sidebets. From there she would take Jaynie Marie on Sunday excursions to Central Park. To there she repaired each night after shattering the theatre attendance records all over again, posing for a wide variety of pictures in her spare time (a few by amateur photographer Earl Wilson), and lending her cooperation to a less-than-pocket-size-book concerning her and her alone and briefly titled, *Jayne*. Everyone understood.

She dated here and there and yon (the breach with Paul Mansfield already had been affected); various foreign accents; dress designer Oleg Cassini (who disapproved of certain of her other comrades but nonetheless whomped her up the wardrobe with which she returned to Hollywood); finally Mickey Hargitay, who found amusement in holding her aloft in front of the Plaza Hotel and spinning her around. This amused Jayne as well, so they tried it in front of the Waldorf.

Now Hollywood, its indifference wholly dissolved, not only was ready to take her back; it was pawing in unseemly fashion at the gate.

continued



"The girl I play in 'The Girl Can't' has the most fabulous body in the world. She's unaware of her sex appeal. All she wants to be is a wife and mother, but sex keeps getting in the way. She's like me, you might say"





Jayne's menagerie includes three cats, two Chihuahuas, a Great Dane, a Scotch terrier and a rabbit

And back she came, in what she describes as one of the sweetest and soul-satisfying moments of her life.

"I wasn't vindictive against a soul," she has said. "But if I was selfish to be happy, then I'm selfish. Oh, but it tasted good!"

A few days later she was back at work, and a few days after that the Mansfield gift for extraordinary timing had slipped effortlessly into gear. To the set of the picture was assigned betimes a little man whose duty it was to catch any scene of a douhtful nature before the makers had wasted film shooting it. Naturally his eye was mainly on Jayne, who one day inadvertently rendered that eye hlind and useless.

"I'd been called to the phone," she remembers. "I was wearing a wrap and not much more. This man was standing near my dressing room. I tripped over something, just a little. Up flew the robe! *Out* flew the robe! He earned his money that day!"

By those who are aware of such things, Jayne Mansfield's major dehut in films is reported to be one of

continued



A sports car enthusiast, Jayne is the owner of a "panty pink" Jaguar



Miss Mansfield's formula for a successful career in Hollywood: "20 per cent talent, the rest—determination"

those can't-miss affairs. As this is written, Fox is considering her for *The Wayward Bus* ("I wish they'd send me the script. They haven't yet") and, of course, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* "Buddy Adler's promised it to me." Adler is head of production at Fox. *Rock Hunter* probably will be shot first.

So far as Jayne's comportment and personality are concerned, the studio wisely is letting her have her head. Her way of going about this detail—to which she attaches reverent importance—has worked out well thus far.

continued



Latest addition to the Mansfield menagerie is this tiny chick. That makes how many members?

"I like to wear my red velvet Bikini," explains Jayne, the non-sequitur expert, "because I always feel patriotic in velvet"



Jayne thinks that being a symbol of sex is "sort of nice"

Her third most important asset, however, is believed by observers to break down to one point: wanting.

Stars tire of being stars, and show it. Betty Grable, for instance. Others slack up for material or tax reasons, or because they'd rather go fishing. Then there are those who lean toward *ars gratia artis*, and would rather be obscure than on film for film's sake.

Jayne Mansfield fits none of these categories. She wants to act in pictures. She is, in the opinion of her employers, a special commodity with a special style—and that is correct. In the opinion of Hollywood, she is a welcome throwback to the era of the leopard-on-a-leash, the dining on gardenia petals and the bathing in champagne. She waxes quite firm over the notion that she is not an actress but a one-shot freak. "They'll see," she has murmured tenaciously. "They'll just see." She also wants the celebrity that derives from acting in pictures. That, indeed, is the principal reason she wants to act in pictures, and so she frankly states. **END**



"I still want the same things I did before—a beautiful home in Malibu, a swimming pool, a couple of sports cars, a Cadillac convertible, a wonderful husband and wonderful bambinos. Success hasn't changed me at all"



THE JAYNE MANSFIELD PIN-UP BOOK



The most intimate and revealing photos of the fabulous Jayne ever